And makē pretence of wrong that I have done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Muſt feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thy ſelfe art one,
Who now reprovedſt me for it.

Hell. Alaſſe ſir.

Per. Drew ſleepe out of mine eyes, bloud from my cheekes,
Muſings in my minde, with thouſand doubts
How I might ſtop their tempeſt ere it came,
And finding little comfort to releeve them,
I thought it princely charitie to grieve for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, ſince you have given me leavē to ſpēake,
Freely will I ſpeake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And juſtly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who either by publike warre, or private treaſon,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe travell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Deſtinies do cut his thread of life: your Rule direct to any, if unto me, day ſerves not light more faithfull than Ile be.

Per. I doe not doubt thy faith,
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence?

Hell. Wee'l mingle our blouds together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. *Tyre*, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharſus*
Intend my travaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whoſe Letters Ile diſpoſe my ſelfe,
The care I had and have of ſubjects good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſedomes ſtrength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith not aske thine oath,
Who ſhuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we live ſo round and ſafe,
That time of both this truth ſhall neere convince,
Thou ſheweſt a ſubjects ſhine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

Enter Thaliard ſolus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, here muſt I kill King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am ſure to be hanged at home: it

it is dangerous.
Well, I perceive he was a wiſe fellow, and had goo
on, that being bid to aske what he would of the Kin
hee might know none of his ſecrets. Now doe I ſee he
reaſon for it: for if a King bid a man be a villaine, he
by the indenture of his oath to be one.
Huſht here comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Hellicanus, Eſcanes, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hell. You ſhall not need, my fellow-Peerēs of *Ty*
to queſtion me of your Kings departure: his ſealed C
left in truſt with me, doth ſpeake ſufficiently, hee's g
vell.

Thal. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be ſatisfied, (why as
licenc'd of your loves) he would depart? Ile give ſon
to you: Being at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royal *Antiochus* (on what cauſe I know not
diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt he judged ſo: and doubti
had erred or ſinned, to ſhew his ſorrow, he would
ſelfe; ſo puts himſelfe unto the ſhip-mans toyle, v
each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive I ſhall not be hanged no
I would, but ſince hee's gone, the Kings Seas muſt
ſcapte the Land, to periſh at the Sea: Ile preſent m
to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with meſſage unto Princ
but ſince my landing I have underſtood, your Lo
tooke himſelfe to unknowne travailes, my meſſage
from whence it came.

Hell. We have no reaſon to deſire it, commende
ſter, not to us, yet ere you ſhall depart, this we de
to *Antioch*, we may feaſt in *Tyre*.